

## **Good bye 341**

### **Chapter 341 How good it would be to see you again**

In the hotel.

Louis returned to his room and sat on the sofa with his eyes downcast and a heavy sadness in his eyes.

His slender fingers were holding a cigar, and a low pressure lingered around him.

The conversation he just had in the car kept coming back to his mind, leaving him with a stony expression.

He didn't think Martha's wish was to be with her family, but his family also needed her.

Maxwell and Bianca were her family, Jimmy was her family, and so was he.

It was just that if he told Martha about his relationship with her now and then took her away, he was afraid she wouldn't agree.

After Louis finished the cigar in his hand, he finally made up his mind to take out his cell phone and pressed a series of numbers printed in his mind.

Soon, the phone was answered, and his eyes were downcast, and his dark voice rang out in the room.

"Mother."

No sooner had his words come out of his mouth than a gentle voice came over the phone.

"How are things going?"

When he heard this, his eyes became even darker, and his voice again took on a bit of helplessness.

"I saw Martha, but now I have no way to take her back. I'm afraid there are some things that will need to be resolved by your personal visit, Mother."

"Okay, I'll go there myself."

Louis suddenly sighed with relief after hearing this answer.

If his mother came, Martha might just choose to leave here with them and go back to their family.

His mother had obviously thought of this as well, and a light smile curled the corners of her mouth.

"As soon as she sees me, she'll definitely come with me."

"I hope so."

Louis responded in a deep voice and hung up the phone in his hand.

He lowered his eyes, his narrow eyes filled with an obscure look.

Hopefully, when her mother came, Martha would believe them and would return to the family that needed her.

The man let out a deep sigh and reached for another cigar when a pleasant doorbell suddenly rang in the room.

He put down the cigar box in his hand, got up and went to the door of the room and opened it.

The person who came was Jane, and she followed Louis into the room.

As soon as she closed the room door, she couldn't help but ask worriedly, "Sir, how is the injury on your arm?"

"No biggie, it has been disinfected."

Louis sat back on the sofa and looked at Jane standing not far away with dark eyes.

Jane heard these words, the stone on her heart fell down.

Louis reached out and took the cigar that was placed on the coffee table and lit it.

"It's getting late, it's time for everything to end."

Jane smiled, and a glint of obvious helplessness flashed in her eyes.

She knew that Louis was telling her that he was ready to tell Miss Doyle the truth.

Yet she didn't think it a wise choice.

"Will she believe your words if you tell her the truth?"

"No, she won't."

His thin lips lightly parted and he faintly answered.

Jane looked at Louis uncomprehendingly, with obvious doubt in her eyes.

The next second, the man's indifferent voice rang out in the room, explaining her doubts.

"I just called my mother and asked her to come over."

Louis' eyes narrowed slightly, his pupils filled with a dark look.

If his mother came, Martha would believe it ...

...

The next day, Martha had just woken up to a phone call from Jane.

She frowned slightly, and her voice was hoarse, "Is it the result of the opening ceremony?"

"I checked the room in that building with the manager and didn't find anything different in the surveillance."

Just as Jane finished speaking, Martha's brows were knitted a little tighter.

So it was just a simple accidental falling object?

Somehow, she always felt that it was wrong, but she couldn't tell what was wrong.

She held the phone's hand tightly, her voice lowered.

"Which specific room do you know?"

"Yes, we went together. It is a room that has not been renovated. In addition to the fallen construction tools, the room is empty and clean."

Jane on the other side of the phone finished these words, her eyelids lowered, and a thin layer of sweat unconsciously seeped out of her hands.

In fact, the truth of the matter was not so. She said so because Louis told her to hide the truth so as not to scare Miss Doyle.

Also, Louis was afraid that Miss Doyle would refuse to leave here after knowing the truth.

At this time, Martha heard this answer, her eyes growing dark.

"Okay, I get it."

After hanging up the phone, Martha propped herself up and sat at the head of the bed, with a lot of thoughts in her head.

Intuition told her that this was not an ordinary accidental fall.

Although Jane had told her that the scene really looked like an accident, it could not be ruled out that someone had cleared the scene one step ahead.

At this time, her mind came back to Stefan's words.

This thing was definitely not that simple.

The only construction tool in the room suddenly fell towards the place where the opening ceremony was held.

It didn't look like an accident at all.

But if this was really not an accident, then there were really people behind it.

And the target of those people should be her.

When Martha thought of this, the first person she thought of was the person behind Hollie and Libby.

They had both behaved weirdly, especially Hollie had told her that when she was a child, the person those people wanted to harm was not her mother, but her.

She just didn't know who the person behind Hollie and Libby really was, and why it was so obsessed with killing her.

But only her mother could tell her the truth.

Her eyebrows were knitted and she looked sideways at her mother's picture on the desk and sighed helplessly.

Her mother had never told her anything, and now that she was dead, there would never be any answers to these questions.

Martha closed her eyes tiredly, and the image of her childhood with her mother came to her mind.

Her mother was so gentle, so beautiful, and yet she lost her life because of her.

She opened her eyes suddenly, and when she looked again at the picture of her mother on the desk, her eyes carried tears.

“If only I could see you again, how wonderful it would be ...”

Her mother passed away when she was a child, and she never forgot her mother’s appearance all these years, and always regretted that she lost her life just like that.

She thought her mother died in the sea to save Hollie, but who knew that someone else was the mastermind in the end.

The next few days went on as if nothing had happened ...

### **Chapter 342 A Familiar Face**

On the weekend, when Martha came downstairs for dinner, she saw Jimmy already dressed and sitting at the dining table to eat.

When Jimmy saw his mommy come down, he cocked his head and said with a smile, “Mommy, come and eat.”

“OK.”

Martha responded with a smile and walked toward the little guy and sat across from him.

Today was a weekend when she should have slept in, but because Jimmy had recently grown taller, he couldn’t wear his previous clothes.

That was why Martha was ready to take Jimmy to the mall today and buy him a few more sets of clothes.

The smile on Jimmy’s lips hadn’t disappeared since he saw his mommy appear.

“Mommy, what kind of clothes are we going to buy today?”

“What kind of clothes do you want?”

Martha did not stop stirring the porridge in her hand and asked in a warm voice.

When the little guy heard this, his eyes lit up and he replied loudly, “I want cool clothes, preferably clothes that highlight my manhood.”

The woman sitting across from him heard this, and the smile at the corner of her mouth unconsciously widened.

She looked at her son dotingly and smiled as she responded, “Okay, remember to tell me later which set you like.”

Jimmy nodded in satisfaction and buried his head to continue eating.

When the two of them finished eating, they just went out and saw Stefan's car parked at the door.

Soon, the man in the driver's seat stepped down and walked towards them.

Martha watched Stefan get closer and closer to her, her eyebrows knitted slightly, and she looked down at Jimmy holding her hand.

The look was clearly asking Jimmy if he had revealed their whereabouts to Stefan, or why would this man appear here.

Jimmy looked down sheepishly and avoided Martha's eyes.

It was true that he tipped off his daddy, but he didn't know how to tell his mommy.

When Martha saw Jimmy's look, she understood that Jimmy must have said it.

At this time, Stefan stood in front of them, his lips lightly parted, and his dark voice rang out.

"I'll take you to the mall today."

"No need."

Martha indifferently refused the man, her attitude was very distant.

Stefan was not annoyed, but only said in a deep voice, "With your current condition, I don't feel comfortable going out by yourselves."

Two days ago, he was still convinced that someone had done that on purpose.

Therefore, only if he followed the mother and son, he could guarantee the safety of them both.

When Martha heard this, she was speechless for a moment, but still decisively refused, "I will protect Jimmy."

"Let me protect you."

Stefan's eyes darkened, and the hand at his side unconsciously clenched.

Just as his words came out of his mouth, Martha added, "No, I'll hire a bodyguard."

The man smiled and took a sideways glance behind Martha, and after not seeing a bodyguard, a strange look flickered in his eyes.

"Don't you have a bodyguard now? Let me take care of you today."

Martha heard this, her red lips pursed, after that silence, she no longer spoke.

Although she didn't want Stefan to follow her, she was also afraid that she might encounter someone with bad intentions and let Jimmy get hurt.

Just at this time, Jimmy, who was standing next to her, took her hand and shook it gently.

"Mommy, you can accept it for the time being today and let him follow."

Martha's eyebrows were slightly knitted, and her eyes were filled with mixed emotions.

Since returning from Bali, this little one, for some reason, had unconsciously begun to unite with Stefan again.

Jimmy was obviously her son, but like Eden, he lied.

He said he would never forgive Stefan again, but he was still speaking for this man.

Although Martha thought so, but for Jimmy's sake, she got into Stefan's car.

When Stefan saw this, the big stone that had been on his heart finally fell to the ground.

He was worried that she would be very resistant to him, but luckily she agreed.

Jimmy saw his mommy get into the car, and then he looked at his daddy and followed him in the car.

Half an hour later, Stefan's car pulled into the underground garage of the mall.

The three of them took the elevator to the children's section of the mall together, during which Martha did not say a word.

When they arrived at the children's section, Stefan couldn't help but feel a little overwhelmed.

It was the first time he had picked out children's clothes for his child, and he didn't know what size Jimmy should wear.

And Jimmy was still cold to Stefan after arriving at the mall.

Although he had tipped off his dumb daddy, he wasn't about to forgive him too soon.

Soon, Stefan learned the child's size while watching Martha pick out Jimmy's clothes.

He followed his gaze and found a black top in the children's section.

Satisfied, he took the dress to the child, softened his voice and asked, "How about this one?"

Without waiting for Jimmy to say anything, Martha shook her head and was the first to say no.

"This color is too dark, it doesn't look good, it will look gloomy on him."

"He's a boy, this color..."

Before Stefan could finish his words, Martha interrupted him, "Jimmy is still a kid, he should wear bright-colored clothes."

With that said, Martha took out a set of bright-colored sportswear that she had just picked for Jimmy.

"Do you like this one, or the one picked by your daddy?"

Jimmy looked at the clothes in Mommy's hand, and then reluctantly turned his head to look at the clothes in Daddy's hand.

He liked the clothes his daddy took, after all, he was old enough to wear some manly clothes.

But ... the set of clothes picked by his mommy seemed to be also good.

The little guy hesitated for a long time, and could not make up his mind.

Finally, his eyes blinked, and he greedily asked, "Can I have them all?"

"Of course you can."

Stefan's mouth curled up into a light smile, and then he took out a card and handed it to the attendant standing next to him.

"I'll take both sets, swipe the card."

"Yes."

The waiter took Stefan's bank card and left happily with his hands holding the clothes.

Martha saw this scene and frowned unhappily.

He was squandering his money and would teach Jimmy badly, just ...

When she thought of this man buying clothes for his child for the first time, she didn't say much.

After that, she ignored Stefan again and led Jimmy towards the shoe store in the mall.

As soon as Jimmy went in, he couldn't help but pick out the shoes he liked.

And Martha looked at Jimmy's excited look and couldn't bear to interrupt.

She looked at her phone every now and then to deal with some urgent paperwork.

Soon, the little guy picked out three pairs of shoes and left the shoe store satisfied.

After the three of them left the shoe store, they went to an accessory store.

Stefan entered the accessory store with his head down and was very serious about buying Jimmy a small tie, while Martha looked on absently.

Just as she looked up again, she saw a face that was too familiar.

The person walked right in front of her, through the glass window, and it was so unreal.

Martha's hand on the phone suddenly loosened, and the phone fell off and hit the ground.

And she was unaware of it. At that moment, she was so shocked that she couldn't speak, the person who just walked past was ...

Mom!

### **Chapter 343 Illusion**

When Martha came back to her senses, she turned around and hurriedly chased out towards the door.

But after she went out, the person who had just been outside the glass window was nowhere to be seen.

It was like an illusion.

Martha stood in a panic and kept turning her head to look around at the crowd, but she didn't see that familiar face in the crowd again.

Her ears were filled with loud noises that made her lose her concentration and despair.

It couldn't be the mother.

It was true that she was overthinking.

Her eyes darkened, and when she turned to go back, she reluctantly looked at the location of the glass window just now.

Although it was impossible, she still wanted to see her mother one more time.

Just at this time, a low voice sounded next to her, with a bit of anxiety.

"What's wrong? Is something wrong?"

Martha looked up at Stefan, pursed her lips and did not speak, her pupils carrying a clear sense of shock.

He stared fixedly at her and asked.

"What did you see?"

"Nothing."

Martha calmly stared at Stefan, her voice calm.

She was mistaken, and it was not worth mentioning it.

Even if it really was her mother, it had nothing to do with this man.

Stefan heard this, and said in a deep voice, "Then let's go back."

Martha nodded gently, turned away from the spot and walked towards the clothing store just now.

The man who was one step behind looked at her somewhat messy pace, his eyes were slightly sunken, and his thin lips were pursed into a tight line.

He sensed that Martha had seen something and that was why she ran out in such a panic.

It was just that now that their relationship had become more and more distant, she wouldn't tell him anything.

Stefan's eyes narrowed slightly, a flash of sadness in his eyes, and he finally walked back to the store where he had just been with a puzzled look.

The two returned to the store and continued to pick out a suit and tie for Jimmy.

Martha's eyes looked at the glass window from time to time while she was choosing, with a hint of expectation that even she didn't notice.

Stefan, who was standing not far away, noticed that and was even more sure that she had just seen someone.

Soon he was picking out two suits and ties and looking at Martha, who nodded absentmindedly.

After Stefan finished checking out and was leaving, Martha was sure that she had just been mistaken, or that it was just a hallucination.

It was because she missed her mother so much that she mistook the stranger who passed by with a slight resemblance to her mother's features for her mother.

Her mother died in the sea long ago, how could she appear here?

Martha thought about this and was a little disappointed, lost in thought and followed Stefan and Jimmy out of the store.

But during the rest of the shopping, she still lost her concentration from time to time and looked out the glass window.

When she returned to her senses again, Stefan's car was already parked outside the mall, and the car was not driven back to the Doyle Manor at all.

Martha got into the car and frowned slightly, "Aren't you going back?"

"We'll go back after lunch."

Stefan's hand on the steering wheel tightened slightly, and his eyes were a little nervous.

He was really afraid that she would reject him unceremoniously.

As expected, the next second, the woman's indifferent rejection sound came.

"I don't have time to have lunch with you, and I don't want to be caught on camera by the reporters or anything and spread the gossip."

They were a divorced couple; there was no need to spread their scandal, which would affect her image in the eyes of the public.

As for him ...

He had nothing to do with her.

### **Chapter 344 Warm Her Heart**

She and Stefan were already divorced and it was simply not appropriate for them to appear in public together again.

If they appeared together and were caught by the media, it would only cause another mighty uproar on the Internet.

So, in order to avoid unnecessary trouble, it was better not to appear together.

Stefan saw a hint of impatience in the eyes of the woman in front of him, and understood what she was thinking.

He didn't know what to say, but he could only look at the child that Martha was holding in her arms.

Jimmy met the eyes of the man in the driver's seat, his little head tilted to the right, pursed his lips and did not speak.

He hadn't forgiven his foolish daddy yet, so why did his daddy look at him that way?

His daddy looked at him so blatantly. If his mommy saw it, she would take him as a traitor, no doubt.

His daddy was really stupid, even wanting to drag him down!

Stefan saw this look on his son's face and couldn't help but be a little speechless.

This little guy really couldn't be relied on, and he didn't even help him out at the critical moment.

This time, Martha was already determined not to eat lunch with him.

The man's thin lips were pursed into a line; he had no idea how to break the current deadlock.

Finally, it was Martha who broke the silence.

"Please, Jimmy and I will go back by ourselves."

With that, Martha carried Jimmy and prepared to get out of the car and take a cab home by herself.

Her fair fingers were just touching the door handle when Stefan's somewhat impatient voice came out from his thin lips.

"You can't get out of the car."

Martha's eyebrows were knitted slightly and she looked at the man in the driver's seat with some confusion and a clear question in her eyes.

Stefan's head was running fast and he finally gave an answer that he thought was very reasonable.

"Now in this situation, I'm not comfortable with you and Jimmy going in the car. If you want to go back, I'll give you a ride back to the Doyle Manor."

Although he was a little disappointed not to be able to have lunch with Martha, but compared to the safety of their mother and son, eating lunch or not was nothing.

He thought this, and his original loss of emotion was eased.

When Martha heard this, she hesitated for a long time, but withdrew her hand and sat in her seat without moving.

For the sake of the child's safety, it would be better to let Stefan take them back.

She thought of this and lowered her eyes, acquiescing to Stefan's words.

Stefan saw that Martha had no intention to get out of the car, and immediately started the car towards the Doyle Manor.

Half an hour later, a black car pulled up in front of the Doyle Manor.

They had just arrived at the Doyle Manor not long after Bianca came out of the villa and took Jimmy in Martha's arms.

Before she left, she looked at Stefan with a distinctly distant and indifferent look in her eyes, no longer as nice as before.

Stefan also felt it, but still said patiently and politely, "Thank you, Bianca."

Martha's eyes twitched slightly, and after seeing that Bianca had no intention to talk to Stefan, her red lips parted.

"Bianca, you take Jimmy back, I have to go to the company to take care of some things, and then go back in the afternoon."

"Then be careful on your way."

After Bianca said this, she turned around and walked into the Doyle Manor, not worrying in the least that Martha might have feelings for Stefan.

After she left with the baby in her arms, Martha moved to get out of the car.

When Stefan saw it, his eyebrows knitted slightly and his magnetic voice rang out in the car.

"Didn't you say you were going to the office? I'll give you a ride."

"No need."

Martha decisively refused Stefan's offer, and got out of the car faster.

Stefan looked at the woman in the back seat with a bit of anxiety in his eyes, and his voice was not as cool as it always was.

"I do not feel at ease if you go alone."

She heard these words, her eyes dark with unfathomable emotions, but her voice was still cold.

"No need. I didn't refuse you just now because as a father of a child, it's your responsibility to take the child to buy daily necessities, so I can accept your kindness."

"But right now, no need."

Stefan's body stiffened and the pupils under his eyes narrowed slightly.

Martha's words meant something he knew, but they were just saying that without the child involved, he and she were strangers.

Only, he had never wanted to be a stranger to her.

While he was in a daze, Martha had nimbly gotten out of her car and walked towards her car parked in front of the Doyle Manor.

By the time Stefan came back to his senses, Martha had gotten into her car and drove away from the Doyle Manor.

He looked down, his eyes full of despair, and a dull pain was in his heart.

This is all his fault, all he can do is to protect Martha like this now, and slowly warm her heart ...

### **Chapter 345 Mom is really alive**

The Doyle Group.

Martha arrived at the office and had been dealing with the paperwork that had been piling up in the office that needed her signature.

Her face was a bit indifferent as she read the papers in her hands.

It wasn't long before there was a short knock at the office door.

"Come in."

Martha said without raising her head, knowing that the person who could knock on the door at this time should be Jane.

The next second, Jane answered and walked into the office, her face a little white.

Martha, sitting at her desk, waited for a few seconds, but still did not hear Jane speak, her eyebrows knitted as she looked up at the woman standing not far away.

She saw Jane standing not far from the desk and looking tired.

Her eyebrows knitted a little tighter, and her voice took on a bit of concern.

"What's wrong? Are you not feeling well?"

Jane shook her head slightly and said the purpose of coming here.

"Mr. Louis is here, in the conference room now, he wants to talk to you alone."

Martha looked at the woman standing in front of her with bewilderment, mixed with surprise.

In the next second, she returned to her senses and asked suspiciously, "He's coming to the Doyle Group, why didn't he tell me in advance?"

Jane hesitated for a long time, but couldn't figure out how to explain, and could only face Martha's question with silence.

Martha didn't care, and got up in a hurry to walk towards the conference room.

Louis came over at this time, probably because there was something wrong with the Headow Complex project.

She thought to herself, and her steps paused.

Just as she was about to reach the office door, Jane suddenly took Martha's arm.

Martha turned her head in confusion to look at Jane behind her, with a pair of big eyes with obvious doubts.

The next second, Jane's somewhat serious voice rang through the office.

"Miss Doyle, you must control your emotions later."

Martha's eyebrows knitted slightly and the puzzlement in her eyes increased, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing, let's get to the conference room."

Jane shook her head slightly and took the lead to walk over and open the door, leading Martha towards the conference room.

Soon, the two of them arrived at the door of the conference room.

Jane's eyes were downcast with grave concern, but finally she gritted her teeth and pushed open the door of the conference room.

After they walked in, Jane carefully closed the door of the conference room.

As soon as Martha walked into the conference room, she saw Louis standing next to her chair.

The man was wearing a black handmade suit, and all his attention was on the person sitting with his back to her, sitting in the chair.

Her red lips were slightly open and she was about to ask when the person sitting in the chair suddenly turned his chair to look at her.

When she saw the woman sitting in the chair, her body stiffened slightly, her red lips opened lightly and she blurted out, "Mom!"

Martha's face was full of shock and her heart was full of amazement that her mother was here.

It was good for her that her mother hadn't died, but why hadn't she come back to her after all these years?

At this moment, the woman was looking at Martha who was not far away with a smile on her face.

Martha saw this scene, as if the memory of her mother suddenly appeared in reality, her eyes unconsciously moist.

It was her mom; her mom was still alive.

Martha stiffened slightly and trembled as she walked towards the woman, her hand at her side had already permeated with a thin layer of sweat.

Just when she felt her eyes were full of tears, the other person suddenly spoke, sending her back to hell in a flash.

"I am not your mother."

Martha stiffened and she looked at the woman who was close at hand with surprise in her eyes.

She was not her mother?

**Chapter 346 Exactly the same, but not her**

She obviously looked exactly the same as her mother, even the gentle aura of her was also similar to her mother, how could she not be her mother?

She shook her head in disbelief, and her feet felt like they were filled with lead, unable to take another step.

She was not her mother, why ...

She thought of another possibility. Only, she still did not want to believe that the woman in front of her was not her mother.

At this time, Louis, standing next to the chair, as if he could see the confusion in Martha's eyes, his thin lips lightly parted, and his gentle voice rang out in the conference room.

"This is my mother, the hostess of the Caesar family."

Martha looked at the two people in front of her with increasing confusion, not understanding why Louis' mother was so similar to her own mother.

And why were they here together at this time?

Her eyebrows knitted slightly and she suddenly remembered Jane's words.

She turned her head to look at Jane, who was standing to the side, with clear doubts in her eyes.

After Jane met Martha's eyes, she couldn't help but feel a little flustered, yet with a little bit of heartache and helplessness.

After Martha saw this, she immediately understood that Jane knew everything about the current situation, but just did not tell her.

At this moment, she just felt like the whole world had been turned upside down, not understanding what was going on now and who was this woman who appeared in front of her.

The hand at her side kept tightening. She was trying to bring her senses back a little, but after seeing the face in front of her that looked like her mother's, she couldn't be calm anyway.

Louis looked at Martha tenderly and walked towards the latter step by step, with seriousness in his eyes.

"Martha, we came back specifically to find you this time, because we need you."

...

It was after six o'clock in the evening when Martha returned to the Doyle Manor.

She walked into the house in a daze, her mind coming back to the scene she had just witnessed in the conference room.

When Bianca saw her face was white and she was spiritless, she eagerly went up to her and asked with concern, "What's wrong? Is something wrong?"

But Martha, as if she had not heard Bianca's inquiry, walked dully in the direction of the stairway.

She looked ahead with her eyes listlessly, like a soulless person, and mechanically walked up the stairs to her room.

Bianca saw Martha in this state and wondered even more.

What happened? Why did Martha look like losing her soul?

She was anxious, and after a long time of hesitation, she could not resist going to Maxwell.

On the other hand, after Martha returned to her room in a daze, she locked herself in her room and stared blankly at her mother's picture on the desk.

Her mind unconsciously recalled the appearance of Louis' mother in the conference room, and what they had told her.

That night, Martha did not leave the room.

The next day at breakfast, Jimmy did not see Martha come down to eat at the regular time, and looked in the direction of the stairs in confusion.

It was so late. Did Mommy have breakfast early and went to work?

When Jimmy left, Bianca glanced in the direction of upstairs full of worry, and her worried voice rang out in the dining room.

"This doesn't seem to be a good situation."

Ever since Martha came back yesterday in a state of distraction, she had locked herself in her room and hadn't come out until now.

She talked to Maxwell about the situation and asked the latter to persuade her, but the latter said to give Martha some time and maybe she would be fine the next day.

But it was so obvious that Martha didn't get better.

Bianca thought of Martha's pale face yesterday, she could not help but worry more about Martha's current situation, and at the end she could not resist saying.

"Why don't you go check on her?"

Maxwell glanced at the direction of Martha's room and nodded gravely.

"Okay, I'll go later and see what's wrong."

### **Chapter 347 Louis must have done something to her**

Harrison Group, the president's office.

At this time, Stefan was sitting in his office, dealing with the documents that had piled up from his trip to Bali.

He wanted to go for Martha, but the other party should be at home now, and even if she wasn't, she shouldn't want to have too much contact with him.

He understood that it wouldn't work no matter how anxious he was.

Now he could only silently watch over Martha.

At this time, the quiet office suddenly came a slightly urgent knock on the door.

Stefan's handsome eyebrows were slightly knitted, and his cold voice rang out in the office, "Come in."

Just as his words came out of his mouth, the door of the office was pushed open, and the person who came was Eden.

Stefan sitting in front of the desk saw the visitor, the impatience in his eyebrows dispersed a little, and his voice softened.

"What brings you here?"

"I've found out Louis' specific information."

Eden looked at the man not far away with a grave face, his handsome face was full of tiredness after staying up all night.

His eyebrows slightly knitted, his voice with a bit of indifference.

"What did you find out?"

"Louis grew up in a foreign country since childhood, his father's line of family are nothing wrong. Just ..."

Eden paused for a moment before he continued, "The situation of Louis' family is rather complicated."

Stefan's eyebrows were knitted, his eyes darkened and he did not speak with his lips tightly pursed.

The man standing in front of the desk handed over the documents he found, and his voice was a bit hoarse.

"This is the information I found, you take a look."

Stefan took the folder and opened it, quickly browsed through the information he found, and the temperature around him dropped several degrees.

Louis' paternal family's information was very detailed, but only a few names of the maternal family could be found.

At this time, Eden's voice sounded in the office.

"Louis' maternal family is very mysterious. I cannot find any information but only a few names."

Stefan's eyes darkened, and his scorn for Louis increased.

It meant Louis had a very complicated background.

When he thought of this, he felt even more that Louis's purpose for approaching Martha was not simple.

His handsome eyebrows were slightly knitted, his mind was full of thoughts, and his eyes were complicated.

Eden saw this scene and sighed silently, and his voice came out with worry.

“Martha didn’t go to the office today.”

“What’s going on? Is she sick?”

Stefan returned to his senses and looked eagerly at the man standing not far away, with obvious worry on his face.

Suddenly, he remembered that when he went to the mall with Martha yesterday, Martha suddenly ran out of the store in a panic. It was obviously because she saw someone familiar that she chased out.

Later, when she came back, she had been distracted.

Somehow, Stefan always felt that this matter was weird.

Eden heard this, slightly shook his head, “I don’t know, but I went to the company, and checked the visitor records, I found Louis went to the Doyle Group to see Martha yesterday.”

“After Louis left the Doyle Group, Martha went back to the Doyle Manor and never went back to the company.”

When Stefan heard this, his brows were knitted together and his voice grumpy.

“Louis went to see her, so Louis must have done something, that’s why she didn’t go to work today!”

He intuited that Louis must have done something to Martha to cause her to be so out of sorts today.

He wanted to rush to the Doyle Manor and ask Martha; only now he had long since lost the right to care about her.

### **Chapter 348 Go out with me**

At this time, Martha, was sitting alone on the bed, tiredly looking at the curtains with a bit of sunlight through.

She was still shocked by what Louis and the woman said in the conference room yesterday.

She didn’t expect that the matter of the family behind her mother would be so complicated.

Now, the responsibility fell on her shoulders, and she had shouldered it.

But she still had her father, Jimmy and Bianca, how ...

At this time, a knock at the door interrupted Martha’s thoughts.

She said in a faint voice, “Come in.”

The door opened, and the person who entered was Maxwell, who came into the room carrying Bianca’s freshly cooked porridge and placed the breakfast on the desk.

“It’s so late, you must be hungry, get up and have something to eat.”

“Okay.”

Martha answered softly without moving.

Maxwell saw this scene, and his eyes were filled with concern.

He remembered the accident that occurred during the ribbon-cutting ceremony last time, and felt that it was possible that the accident had led to his daughter's current situation.

After such a big accident, the rich businessman named Louis would probably think that the Doyle Group was not reliable, and would inevitably cancel the cooperation with the Doyle Group because of this accident.

Maxwell thought so and blurted out a question.

"Is there something wrong with the company?"

Martha heard these words, slightly stunned, shook her head, denying her father's guess.

"Father, don't worry, the company is fine."

"You are my daughter, I know you well. If it weren't for the company, how could you torture yourself so much?"

Maxwell sighed helplessly, looking at his daughter on the bed with sadness in his eyes.

Now the company's development had slowly gone back to its original trajectory, he had gradually recovered, Jimmy's illness had also been cured.

Martha ... had also divorced Stefan as she wished, what else would keep her so distracted now?

He really couldn't think of a second possibility except the Doyle Group.

Maxwell let out a silent sigh, feeling a bit helpless, if he had not become this way, Martha would not have had to work so hard.

The woman lying on the bed heard her father say this, her red lips pursed and her eyes darkened.

She hesitated for a long time before raising her eyes to look at her mother's portrait on the desk and pretended to ask a question without thinking.

"How did you and my mother meet before?"

Maxwell looked at his daughter in a daze, his eyes full of shock.

He did not expect Martha would suddenly ask this question, but ... speaking of his first acquaintance with Bella Burton, he remembered she smiled so brightly at that time.

When he thought of this, he unconsciously recalled the image of their first encounter, he could not help but smile.

"Your mother is an orphan; she grew up in an orphanage since childhood. After leaving the orphanage, she had been relying on her ability to fend for herself."

"When I met your mother, it was a very ordinary weekend. The sun was shining that day and I went to the studio to buy a painting and happened to see your mother's painting."

“Your mother’s painting was not significant in that studio, it was just a very ordinary landscape painting, and a painting that could only be used as an addition to the number of paintings for the studio.”

“But when I saw that painting, I just liked it very much, and I felt that the rosebuds in that painting looked like they had a life, and were enjoying themselves there.”

Martha heard this and couldn’t help but ask, “What happened after that?”

Maxwell’s eyes darkened, and he seemed to be immersed in memories, and slowly told his daughter, “Later, I paid a high price for your mother’s paintings, and thus met your mother, the seemingly ordinary, but actually noble woman.”

“The sun was shining that day, and your mother smiled so beautifully that it was instantly engraved in my heart and made me fall in love with her at first sight.”

“And then you began to pursue my mother?”

Martha asked softly, hiding the strange color in her black eyes, hoping to hear something about her mother from her father’s next words.

Maxwell nodded, his smile bigger.

“Well, I courted your mother for three months before she agreed to date me.”

“After we dated, I supported her artistic creation and she supported my career, always standing behind me and being a strong support.”

“When I first set up the Doyle Group, things were very bad for the company. I would come home in the middle of the night every day, and your mother would always wait for me to return and cook me a bowl of noodles.”

“I can say that without your mother, the Doyle Group would not have existed. She was the one who stayed with me through the hard times and helped me rise to the top. But, in the end, she ...”

Maxwell’s words came to a halt and he could not go on.

Martha did not hear her father’s next words, but understood what he meant.

She was also moved by her father’s affair with her mother, only ... her father did not mention anything about her mother’s maiden family.

She lowered her eyes, with mixed feelings in her heart...

### **Chapter 349 It seems that I am too indecisive**

It seemed that her mother hid her true identity from her father from the very beginning.

Perhaps, her mother did not want her father to know too much and just wanted to live a good life with him.

After a long time, it was Maxwell’s emotional voice that interrupted Martha’s thoughts.

“After losing your mother, I felt the sky was falling. Without you, I would have wanted to kill myself.”

“Your mother warmed my life, it’s just a pity that in the end she wasn’t able to stay with me until I grew old.”

Martha returned to her senses and looked at her father with a sad look and spoke out in comfort, “You still have Jimmy and I and Bianca, we’ll all be there for you.”

“Well, the good thing is that you and Jimmy are with me now.”

Maxwell nodded, his mood slightly better, but still couldn’t help but feel a little sad.

Bella was the brightest light in his life, and the woman he loved most in his life.

Martha, who was lying on the bed, heard this and looked at her father with unusually complicated eyes.

Finally she asked despondently, with a slight sadness in her tone, “If one day, I disappear, then you ...”

Before she could finish her words, Maxwell interrupted her with a smile.

“How old are you, why say something so silly?”

“No matter how old I am, I’m still your daughter.”

A light smile appeared on Martha’s lips as she walked over to her father with a smile on her face and reached out to give him a squeeze on the shoulder.

Maxwell couldn’t stop smiling when he heard this, “Yes, yes, yes, you are always my girl.”

The woman standing behind him slightly pursed her lips, looking at her father with eyes full of complicated emotions.

It seemed that her father was unable to accept that she disappeared again.

Just ...

Martha lowered her eyes, hiding the emotions in her eyes, trying to restrain herself from thinking about these things for the time being.

Later, she drank a bowl of white porridge required by her father and followed him to the study to play chess with him.

After they had played several games of chess in the study, Martha’s cell phone suddenly rang, breaking the silence in the study.

Martha took the phone and saw that the caller ID on the screen was Rhys.

She picked up the phone and asked indifferently, “Mr. Williams, what can I do for you?”

“You come back, but you don’t tell me or come visit me.”

Rhys’ tone of voice seemed injured, sounding like a man who had been abandoned by Martha.

When Martha heard this, she frowned helplessly and asked.

“Why should I?”

“I’m at least your son’s savior. Shouldn’t you come to me?”

Martha could hear that Rhys was telling a joke. Yet she really needed to find someone to talk to after a series of events lately.

Now that Rupert had gone abroad, the only person she could talk to was Rhys, an old friend.

After a long time of silence, she suddenly opened her mouth and said, “You called me just in time. I wonder if Mr. Williams has time to go out and chat with me?”

“I’m naturally happy to accompany you.”

Rhys said this, his lips slightly raised, his eyes with a faint pleasure.

After Martha talked to him, she hung up the phone.

In the evening, in front of the Doyle Manor.

Stefan heard that Martha didn’t go to the Doyle Group for the whole day, so he drove his car to the Doyle Manor to visit her.

But as soon as he stopped the car, he saw Martha standing outside the Doyle Manor in a pale yellow dress, obviously looking like she was waiting for someone.

He raised his eyebrows slightly, thinking that Martha just happened to go out..

Just as he was about to get out of the car and say he was going to offer Martha a ride, Rhys’ blue car suddenly drove past his car and stopped in front of the Doyle Manor.

Immediately after, Rhys stepped down from the driver’s seat and opened the passenger door for Martha as a gentleman.

Stefan looked over from afar and saw at a glance what Rhys said to Martha, who smiled.

That smile stung Stefan’s eyes deeply and made the air inside his car drop several degrees.

After Martha got into the car, Rhys walked back to the driver’s side and soon drove away from the Doyle Manor.

Stefan saw this scene, his pupils shrank slightly, his face became very gloomy, and immediately stepped on the gas to follow Rhys’ car.

Half an hour later, Rhys’ car stopped at the riverside.

After the two got out of the car, Rhys slightly glanced at the woman standing beside him, the corners of his lips slightly curled into a smile.

“I help you with your emotional problems. Shouldn’t you thank me?”

When Martha heard this, she instantly remembered what happened in Bali.

That time Rupert confessed his love to her, and if it wasn’t for Rhys, she really didn’t know what she would have done.

If Stefan hadn't appeared, she thought she would have said yes to Rupert's confession.

However, she didn't like Rupert after all.

She lowered her eyes, and after a long moment of silence, her indifferent voice reached Rhys' ears through the whistling wind.

"I was too indecisive before ..."

### **Chapter 350 Who wants you to give up?**

Rhys' lips slightly curled into a smile and he patted Martha's shoulder, his low voice sounded at the latter's side.

"It's not too late."

At this time, not far from the riverside parked a black car.

In the sedan, Stefan saw their intimacy from afar, his face darkened and his eyes were filled with coldness.

He knew that these two came out alone for nothing good.

Stefan's hand on the steering wheel clenched hard. He was trying to find some sense, but still did not contain the anger in his heart. Getting out of the car, he walked towards Rhys and Martha who were standing in the distance.

At this time, the two standing at the riverside did not notice anyone approaching, and continued to talk.

The woman's hand rested on the railing of the river, quietly feeling the cool breeze of the river.

"Yes, it's good that I didn't waste more of his time."

Fortunately, it was not too late, otherwise Rupert would only regret to miss such an opportunity deep down.

Martha's eyes were downcast, with a faint sadness in her eyes, but she felt a little lighter when she thought of Rupert's chance to pursue his dream.

Over the years, Rupert had done enough for her and Jimmy.

The guilt she felt for Rupert had been weighing on her, keeping her from catching her breath, but it was good to see that everything was back on track.

With that in mind, she looked slightly sideways at the man standing beside her and said gratefully, "Thank you."

"Just one word of thanks is not enough."

Rhys smiled wickedly and replied nonchalantly.

A smile appeared at the corner of Martha's mouth and she straightened her slightly messy hair, "I'll treat you to dinner some day."

“Good.”

With a bigger smile, he said huskily.

“Since it’s over, now you can do everything you want to do.”

Martha turned her head to look at the darkness of the river, her mind in a tumult of thoughts.

After a long time, her red lips lightly opened and she softly spat out the words, “I’m fine with my current life.”

The life now was the life she imagined, but ... she was afraid that it would not last long.

A bitter smile touched her lips and she said sadly, “If I can, I don’t want to give up everything here.”

When Rhys heard this, he couldn’t help but let out a light laugh and asked jokingly in return, “Who wants you to give up?”

Martha’s red lips were pursed and she did not speak again, except that the look in her eyes was obviously much sadder.

Who asked her to give up...

No one asked her to give up this place, yet she had no choice.

She couldn’t watch by, nor could she give up everything here.

So, she was in a dilemma, which troubled her.

Rhys did not hear an answer. With his brows slightly knitted, he looked at the woman standing at his side suspiciously.

He saw at once that Martha’s face was a bit white and couldn’t help but ask worriedly.

“What’s wrong? Did you encounter any difficulties?”

Martha sighed helplessly, not knowing where to start.

The man standing beside her, still thinking it was not hard for her to explain, so he patiently persuaded her, “There is nothing to be embarrassed about. Just say it as if I were your confidant.”

The woman’s hand on the railing tightened, and after a long time of silence, she was about to open her mouth to respond.

Just at this time, Stefan walked up behind the two of them and snorted, “Confidant?”